

# TUMORS CONQUERED

SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED.  
Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so slow that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—  
I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation.

"Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor. It has also brought my periods around once more and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa.

## THE BEST COUGH CURE

No cough is too trifling or too serious to be treated by the right method, and the right method is the use of the best cough cure, which is

## Kemp's Balsam

This famous preparation cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip and consumption in its first stages. Irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes is immediately removed by the use of Kemp's Balsam.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

Real News of the Event.  
"Your wife," began the reporter, "and the man with whom she eloped have been located in New York. They were on their way to Europe, but they lost their money—"

"Well," said the man, quite unmoved.  
"Why—er—stammered the reporter, "we thought you might want the news, and—"

"That's not the news. The news is that I've just sent them enough money to see them through."—Philadelphia Press.

## BABY'S TORTURING HUMOR.

Ears Looked as if They Would Drop Off—Face Mass of Sores—Cured by Cuticura in Two Weeks for 75c.

"I feel it my duty to parents of other poor suffering babies to tell you what Cuticura has done for my little daughter. She broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, but they all claimed they could help her, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away; her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents. Mrs. George J. Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron, Ohio."

## Greatest Privilege of Citizenship.

The right to homestead on the public domain is the greatest privilege of American citizenship, says Farming. The right to homestead is co-existent with citizenship. Every citizen over 21 years of age, every immigrant who has declared his or her intention of becoming a citizen, every head of a family, male or female, even though under 21, may locate a tract not to exceed 160 acres and after five years' residence will receive absolute title thereto.

To Ladies Only.—The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from Tan, Freckles or Moth Patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. Fred T. Hopkins, sole proprietor, 37 West Jones street, New York.

For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

Versatility.  
"Haven't I seen you before somewhere?" asked the customer at the lunch counter.  
"You probably saw me at some Igorroto village," said the dusky waiter. "I was one of the Igorroto, sub."

These Degenerate Days.  
Watts—By the way, what is "letana" derived from?

O'Proudly—Immature patriotism, mostly—Chicago Tribune.

# Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)  
"If," he said presently, "you were my sister, or if I were fortunate enough to possess a right to comment upon your actions, I should be strongly tempted to throw cold water upon your charity."

"Of course you would," she replied. "Nine men out of ten would do the same."  
"I hope so."

"I am sure of it, Mr. Tyars, and, moreover, I do not defend myself. It is very difficult to find a channel for charitable motives to run in. At any rate, I do no harm to these old men."

"I have no doubt you do them a great deal of good," he said, rather bluntly; "but you are hardly the person to do it. This is not the place for a lady to wander about in alone. Wait twenty years." She laughed, and stepped aside to hold out her arms in expostulation.

"I'm not a girl," she said; "and look at me. A thick veil and a clumsy old ulster without a waist to it. I think, indeed, it is foolish of me to ask you to look."

He did look gravely from the top of her ample hat to the toes of her small boots peeping out beneath the ulster. "It is no use," he said, "you cannot disguise yourself. No woman," he added, "with your—advantages can."

He was quite right. Plainness is easier to conceal than beauty. There is nothing more difficult to hide than a pretty face and a graceful figure. They walked on again.

"If," she said, "we waited for men to tell us what we can do and what we cannot, a great deal of good would remain undone."

He would not argue; and his silence softened her humor, for it betrayed a determination to interfere no further.

"It is not," she said, continuing her defense with womanlike persistence, "as if I dragged other people into it. I do not, for instance, bring Helen here."

As she said this she glanced up at him. "No," he answered, calmly, returning her gaze.

They were now at the dock gates, and the constable on duty touched the brim of his helmet in double recognition.

"May I call a hansom?" inquired Tyars.  
"Thank you," she said. "There is one coming."

While waiting for the cab she spoke again.  
"I feel," she said, lightly, "like a runaway school girl. Will you please tell me no tales out of school?"

"You can trust me, Miss Winter," he said, as he helped her into the cab, "to hold my tongue. It is one of the few accomplishments I possess."

CHAPTER XV.  
Claud Tyars had taken up his abode in a residential club in London. This change had been dictated by motives of economy. He said that he found chambers in the Albany too expensive for a man who was seldom in London. No one to whom he made this statement was posted as to the extent of his income, and the excuse passed readily enough.

He was certainly freer in his new quarters—free to come and go when he pleased, free to move him and to some extent to take advantage of his newly established liberty. His absences were frequent, but he was seldom away from London for more than a night or two. He frequently ran down to Glasgow, and once to Peterhead, where he spent two nights.

One morning in early December he was sitting at the breakfast table at the Wanderers' Club, where he had temporarily taken rooms, when Matthew Mark Easton was shown in. The American was also a member of this club, which was, singularly enough, composed of members of some university or another, duly qualified by their power and means to satisfy the cravings of a roaming spirit.

Without a word he threw down upon the breakfast table a letter, of which the envelope had been torn. Tyars was quite equal to the American in quickness of thought. Preserving the same stolid silence, he tossed across the table another envelope identical in every way, and addressed by the same hand. Then he continued his breakfast. Easton spoke the two words:

"Wednesday week."  
"Yes; Wednesday week."  
"The night," said Easton, "that we fixed for Guy Fawkes."

"Yes. We must have the meeting on Tuesday night. We must go to this." Tyars laid his hand on the letter. The American's quick little eyes were dancing over his whole person, even to the tips of the quiescent brown fingers.

"Must we?" he inquired.  
Tyars looked up sharply.  
"I do not believe," he said, "that you appreciate the importance of Oswin Grace."

"Good sailor man?" answered the American, "but too many women folk. They will give us trouble."  
"Grace is worth it. He is something more than a good sailor. I cannot do it, but he has something which makes him the man I want."

Easton was silent. He had a great respect for his big, calm Englishman; the sort of respect that one has for anything larger than one's self in the way of an animal.

"Well, then," he said, "we will go. I shall call the meeting on Tuesday week out in my rooms as before. It is the last full meeting we shall ever have."

With that he rose and held out his hand. When he was gone, Claud Tyars turned to his breakfast again. He spent the morning at the docks, and in the afternoon returned to his rooms tired and rather dirty. In a few minutes all signs of fatigue and work were removed, and he set off on foot to call at Brook street, one of the best dressed men in Piccadilly.

There was a sailor-like frankness in the way in which Salter, the admiral's butler, opened the door when the visitor was fortunate enough to find any one at home. The formal threshold question was dispensed with by the genial welcome or the heartfelt sorrow expressed by the man's brown and furrowed face.

His welcomed Tyars with a special grin and an ill-concealed desire to grab at a forelock now and then. Land-lubbers he tolerated now, and he liked a soldier, but his honest, dog-like heart went out to all who, like himself, loved a breeze of wind and the sweet, keen smell of spray. There was a bond in mutual love, whether it be of dog or horse, of sport or work, of hand or sea, and Tyars always felt an inclination to shake hands with John Salter by the hand when he saw him.

To these feelings of sympathy must be attributed the fact that Tyars forgot to

# but you chose to tell me yourself.

To this he said nothing. Despite his casual air, despite the unusual rapidity of thought which took the form of action in emergencies, he was not able to reel off glib phrases at the proper moment.

Suddenly her proud self-restraint seemed to give way.  
"I suppose," she said, softly, almost pleadingly, "that nothing will deter you?"  
"One word from you would deter me," he said, "but I do not think that you will say it."

"No," she answered, with a smile; "I am not going to ask you to let my brother off."

"I did not know how he was circumstanced when I first met him," said Tyars; "I did not know of your existence."  
"Of course," she said, with a little shrug of the shoulders, "I am not going to be silly and stand in my brother's way. Only it would have been so much better could you have found some one—like yourself—without brother or sister, or any one to care much for him. It is not only for myself—"

She stopped suddenly. There was a moment of tense silence. Then he slowly approached her until the little table alone separated them.

"Miss Grace," he said, slowly, "what do you mean?"  
She was not the kind of woman to resort to subterfuge or useless denial, and she therefore held her tongue. At the same time she began to feel very helpless. With Oswin, with her father, and with all men whom she had hitherto known, she could hold her own, but with Claud Tyars it was different. There was in his presence a force which did not take the form of words. He merely stood still, and his silence was stronger than any words she had yet heard. Then he spoke slowly and quite gently:

"You must tell me," he said, "what you mean."  
She glanced up at him appealingly beneath her lashes, at bay and yet almost mastered. He softened a little.

"Unless," he added, "it would be a breach of confidence."  
"No," she answered, "it is not that—for no one has confided in me—but I think—"

"You are not sure?" he interrupted, eagerly.  
"Yes, Mr. Tyars, I am sure."  
He turned away again and went toward the window. She mechanically took up her work, and for some time both were fully occupied with their own thoughts.

The short winter day was drawing in before Claud Tyars left Brook street. As he shook hands with Helen, he said:  
"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Winter the other evening."

"Yes," said Helen, "she told me."  
That was all, but they understood each other. A stress upon a single word, a glance, a little hesitation, will say so much that cannot be set down in print. The unfinished conversation was terminated. Claud Tyars knew that there was some one else to watch and wait for Oswin Grace if he went to the Arctic seas.

He had only been in the room an hour—a dismal November afternoon—and yet there was a difference in his life as he left the door. It does not take long to make a friend.

## LEGAL INFORMATION.

An exception to the general rule that an appeal does not lie from a decree for costs is applied in *Nutter vs. Brown* (W. Va.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1083, in case of a decree for costs not in the discretion of the court.

A grantee from a mortgagor, who takes possession of a strip beyond the true boundary line, is held in *Thornely vs. Andrews* (Wash.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1036, not to be in adverse possession as against the mortgagee until the mortgage becomes due.

Fraud or mistake on the part of an umpire, so great and palpable as to imply bad faith, or his failure fairly and honestly to perform the function assigned to him, is held in *Edwards vs. Hartshorn* (Kan.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1050, to invalidate his decision.

The failure of the court, in a criminal case, to interpose objections to improper questions made by a juror is held, in *State vs. Crawford* (Minn.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 839, not necessarily to be reversible error in the absence of objection or exception by counsel.

The right of a bank to apply to the personal obligations of a commission merchant money received for produce sent him for sale and deposited by him in his general account in the bank is denied in *Boyle vs. Northwestern National Bank* (Wis.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1110.

## LOST ARMFUL OF BEAUTY.

Otis Skinner Tells How He Let Fool's Daughter Drop.

I always enjoy attending the graduating exercises of the Empire School of Acting. President Sargent invariably provides an interesting speaker for the occasion, and then it is a never-cloying spectacle to watch the young men and women step forward to receive their diplomas, done up in tight rolls, tied with ribbon in the center, and looking for all the world like the wafer one gets with his ice cream at the Vienna Bakery. They must bow in three different directions in acknowledgment, and the varying personalities converge in the fashion of these bows is alluring.

This spring the speaker *de resistance* was Otis Skinner, and the only portion of his excellent discourse that seems to have escaped the reporters was a capital anecdote of his salad days when he was playing in "The Fool's Revenge" with Edwin Booth. On one memorable occasion it fell to young Skinner to assist in carrying the abducted daughter down the ladder, but the leading lady was by no means a sylph, and Skinner was only a stripling.

"We must have a dummy," decided the stage manager, at rehearsal.  
So one of those figures used in dry goods stores on which to display goods was procured, and the night of the performance arrived.

At the crucial moment Skinner ascended the ladder, with Booth waiting at the foot, eager for the culmination of his revenge on the duke. A stage hand passed the dummy over the balcony. Skinner received it, but in his eagerness took too large a half in his arms. He felt himself being over-balanced, and in order to save his neck he got his hold on the figure to grab a rung of the ladder.

Out into the air shot the lightweight daughter of the fool, down on the stage upon her head she landed, and those who had come to shudder remained to laugh until their sides ached.

Over what was said to the stripling actor afterward Mr. Skinner drew the veil of silence.

"We are getting so familiar with 'coup d'etat' that we haven't any more respect for it than we have for oatmeal for breakfast.

Watch your side issues; don't give them so much attention as to ruin your main issue, which makes you a living.

It is not wealth, nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and noble disposition that make men great.—Ovid.

# KING EDWARD AS A FARMER.



King Edward plays many parts as ruler of Great Britain and its colonies, and in his presence at the Royal Agricultural Society's show at Derby he is seen in a new character and one which appeals strongly to his people, as may easily be imagined. The interest displayed by the King in this event, the greatest annual affair of its kind held in England, and his personal inspection of the stock of various kinds added immensely to its popularity and success, and notables from all parts of the country thronged to the scene. Of course the entire country was out, not only the "county families," as the residents in the manors and the large landlords are called, but the farmers from all parts of Derbyshire and from many of the counties around attended in numbers that have not been seen at the shows of the society for years. This annual event and the work of the Royal Society in general has been a great aid to the science of agriculture in England, but has of recent years somewhat languished. The presence of the King this year has given a new impetus to such interests, which is likely to bear substantial fruit for some time to come. For it must not be thought that King Edward was there in a merely perfunctory way to give an air to the thing. He was one of the most enthusiastic among the attendants, counting among his many accomplishments a real understanding of practical farming with some knowledge of agriculture as a science.

## LANDED HER MAN.

Then Made a Confession that Shocked the Poor Husband.

Young Tompkins and his wife had just returned from their honeymoon. As they sat in their beautiful little home, Tompkins, in a comfortable armchair, with a good cigar, was expressing by every gesture his perfect satisfaction with things in general.

Mrs. Tompkins, as she spoke, came over and took her husband's hand in hers. "You won't mind, will you," she continued, "if I tell you something I think you ought to know? The fact is, I am not what I seem."

"Tompkins started.  
"Not what I think you are?" he repeated. "Impossible! As if I didn't know that you are the dearest and sweetest woman in all the world!"

Tompkins half closed his eyes and watched the curling smoke.  
"Do you know, my dear," he said, "the best thing about you is your domesticity? You are just a simple, sweet little woman, who doesn't know it at all!"

Mrs. Tompkins timidly held his hand.  
"That is what my confession is about," she said. "In our long courtship I have carefully avoided any of those subjects that might have been calculated to excite your suspicion. But now I might as well tell you that I am really an educated woman. I can speak three languages, am saturated with German opera and have made a thorough study of socialism, transcendentalism, the higher philosophy, education and biology."

The stricken man beside her buried his face in his hands.  
"Oh! why," he cried, "did you not tell me this before?"

"And his trembling wife replied:  
"Alas! I didn't dare! I knew that if I did you would never marry me!"—Tit-Bits.

## A Test of Efficiency.

A certain colonel who is an authority on all military matters, and who is often besieged by inventors with useless weapons and appliances for warfare, was conversing with a friend, when a servant brought in a card.

"His business isn't," said the colonel.  
"Oh, send him in!" said the colonel.  
"He's business won't take more than a minute or two."

A wild-eyed man, who twisted his soft hat nervously in his hands, was shown in.  
"Colonel," he said, "I have here"—and he took out a small parcel—"a bullet-proof army coat. If the government would adopt this—"

"Put it on. Put it on," said the soldier, and he rang the bell. The servant appeared as the inventor was getting into the coat. "Jones," said his master, "tell Sergeant Brown to order one of his men to load his rifle with ball cartridge, and—"

"Excuse me, sir, I forgot something," interrupted the inventor, and he disappeared with extreme haste.

## A Puzzle.

A youth from the country, who was new to the delights of town lodging, recently entered an oil shop and, producing a bottle labeled "Best Unsweetened Gin," asked for a pint of lamp oil.

"Better take the label off, in case of accidents, hadn't it?" asked the oil man.  
"Don't matter a bit," was the reply; "there's only me and the cat over going to the cupboard, and I don't mind if I do kill the cat!"

"Killed the cat yet?" asked the oil man, as the youth was passing the next day.  
"No, I ain't," said the youth, with a puzzled look, "but there's a bit of mystery somewhere. My landlady has been right queer since last night; she won't open her mouth within yards of a box of matches, and she smells something awful o' paraffin."

Watch your side issues; don't give them so much attention as to ruin your main issue, which makes you a living.

# HAY FEVER

"Having used Peruna for catarrh and hay fever, I can recommend it to all who are suffering with the above diseases. I am happy to be able to say it has helped me wonderfully."

—Mayme E. Smith.



444 E. Mound Street, Columbus, Ohio.

HAY FEVER is endemic catarrh. It is caused by some irritating substance in the atmosphere during the late summer months. It is generally thought that the pollen of certain weeds and flowers is the cause of it.

Change of locality seems to be the only rational cure. The use of Peruna, however, stimulates the nervous system, resists the effect of the poisonous emanations and sometimes carries the victim through the hay fever season without an attack of the disease.

A large number of people rely upon Peruna for this purpose. Those who do not find it convenient to change their location to avoid Hay Fever, would do well to give Peruna a trial. It has proven of priceless value to many people.

## WHO OWNS THE NORTH LANDS?

Question Somewhat Academic, but Very Interesting.

The voyage of the Canadian government cruiser Arctic to the far north suggests for consideration the question of the ownership of some far northern lands. For many years explorers of various nationalities, British, American, Scandinavian and others, have ventured into the frozen wilderness lying between the dominion of Canada and the north pole, and have discovered lands hitherto unknown, and have named them, and planted flags upon them. There has been much international rivalry in the work of elaborating the arctic map and of pushing on toward the pole. But there has been little thought in the minds of the adventurers or in that of the public of the delimitation of international boundaries in the realms of paleocryclic ice and eternal snow. But now the Canadian government brings that thought to mind in the intimation that the dominion extends clear to the north pole, and that all the lands which have been discovered and explored in those regions, no matter by whom, are under the British flag.

Academically, the question is somewhat complicated, and might form the subject of interminable argument. There are those who hold that discovery and exploration give title to new lands, while others insist that title is not perfected without actual occupation and permanent settlement. But how if the lands in question are not fit for or susceptible of settlement?—New York Tribune.

Hail the Size of Hen's Eggs.

Extraordinary conditions must be required to account for the formation of the huge hailstones which sometimes fall, occasional specimens actually reaching the size of hen's eggs.

Thirty years ago a storm of this kind destroyed a million dollars' worth of glass in the city of Philadelphia, and many persons were severely hurt by the larger stones—veritable projectiles of ice—which dropped from the skies.

Her One Thought.

"M-m-m!" mused the doctor, with a serious face, "the glands of your throat are coated—"

"The idea!" gurgled Miss Woodby, "Stylishly coated, I hope."—Philadelphia Press.

## HOW MANY OF US?

Fail to Select Food Nature Demands to Ward Off Ailments.

A Kentucky lady, speaking about food, says: "I was accustomed to eating all kinds of ordinary food until, for some reason indigestion and nervous prostration set in."

"After I had run down seriously my attention was called to the necessity of some change in my diet, and I discontinued my ordinary breakfast and began using Grape-Nuts with a good quantity of rich cream."

"In a few days my condition changed in a remarkable way, and I began to have a strength that I had never possessed before, a vigor of body and a poise of mind that amazed me. It was entirely new in my experience."

"My former attacks of indigestion had been accompanied by heat flashes and many times my condition was distressing with blind spells of dizziness, rush of blood to the head and neuralgic pains in the chest."

"Since using Grape-Nuts alone for breakfast I have been free from these troubles, except at times when I have indulged in rich, greasy foods in quantity, then I would be warned by a pain under the left shoulder blade, and unless I heeded the warning the old trouble would come back, but when I finally got to know where these troubles originated I returned to my Grape-Nuts and cream and the pain and disturbance left very quickly."

"I am now in prime health as a result of my use of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.